A TRIP TO HAWAII.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

"If, at the time when this story begins, some one had come to Alice Earle and offered to fulfill her dearest wish, she would have asked, without a moment's hesitation, for a trip to Hawaii. For there was nothing in the world she liked better than travelling, and lately she had heard so much about Hawaii that this was now the place of all places she most longed to see. Imagine her delight, then, when she was told that her parents had decided to take her with them on a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. * * * She had been told that the Hawaiian Islands lie almost in the middle of the great Pacific Ocean, and, after a careful search, she found them on the map, a cluster of tiny specks not so large as the letters of their name. The specks were so very small that it was hard for her to realize that Hawaii, the island for which the group was named, is as large as the State of Connecticut, and that upon another island of the group, Oahu, there is a city called Honolulu, which has over twenty thousand inhabitants. Her father told her that the group consists of eight large islands, besides several barren rocks. These eight islands are covered with forests and plantations—great cultivated tracts of land, upon which sugar cane is raised. Upon these are high mountain ridges, with peaks that are, or have been volcanoes. * * * A part of each island, at some time, has been buried under this lava, which hardens as it cools, and upon which very few plants can grow. On Hawaii, the largest island, two of the mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, are nearly fourteen thousand feet high, and their tops are covered with snow that never melts. * * * It rained very often as the vessel approached the Hawaiian Islands, but the warm, bright showers were soon over. Sometimes Alice could see two or three black clouds just above the sky, out of which the rain was streaming in long, slanting hues. With these frequent showers there were to be seen beautiful rainbows. They were of brilliant hues, red, yellow, green, blue, and violet, each color separate and distince, and the perfect arch seemed to spring from the sea. The Islands are so noted for their beautiful rainbows that the natives called them "The Islands of Rainbows." * * * Alice thought that she had never seen anything more beautiful than the harbor. The water was bluer even than the ocean, and there was not a ripple upon its smooth surface, which was crossed with bands of pink, brown and yellow. There was a long line of ships along the dock. The captain said tha once this line of ships had extended along the shore for more than a mile, and that they lay so close together that a man could step from one deck to another. They were sailing vessels that had come out from New England to catch whales, which were to be found in great numbers in the ocean south of the Hawaiian Islands. The beach for several miles beyond the city curved like a crescent along the sea, bordered all the way by groves of cocoa palms. These trees were slender and tall, with smooth trunks and leaves growing in the top like plumes, and they were all bent and twisted by the winds. Here and there among the groves Alice could see fine houses, quite close to the beach. In the city, also, there were a great many trees, and the breeze from the land was as fragrant as tho' it had blown across a garden full of flowers. * * * The hotel had shady balconies above and below, and the grounds were filled with ferns and palms, and many strange beautiful plants and trees which Alice had never seen before. The grass all over was very thick and green. One plant, with a large, thick leaf of brightest green, was the banana. A tree with fine, feathery leaves was the algaroba, and still another with great spreading branches was the umbrella tree, which Alice thought well named. Over one algaroba tree ran a vine that almost covered the boughs with masses of crimson flowers, and upon the lawn were beds of lilies and heliotrope. From the veranda, at the back of the hotel, could be seen a low mountain with a jagged, circular top, that looked as if the peak had been torn off. This was Punchbowl. It had once been a volcano, but the fire had died out ages ago, and it was covered, within and without, with thick grass and shrubs.

"There were other tall peaks which Alice learned to distinguish as Round Top and Tantalus. There were also several covered with grass to the very top, and mist and clouds floated around them like a thin, white veil. There were a great many kinds of people in the hotel, as well as in the streets—Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Americans, and a few Europeans, who were traveling through the Islands. * * * The dining room was large and airy, and through the open windows Alice saw the waving boughs of the palms and heard the chattering of birds. It was like fairyland, and she felt that she could be happy in Honolulu all her life, and that she should never care to go back to a country with frost and snow, where the flowers do not bloom the whole year round. * * * After breakfast the Earles went for a drive to Waikiki. This is a suburb, lying along the beach, which they had seen from the deck of the ship. The road is solid and smooth, running for several miles quite close to the sea. A wall of stone has been built to prevent the waves from washing across the road. On one side are high mountains, with the cool green valleys at their base. On the other side lies the sea, deep and blue and very still along the beach. Farther out there are rough waves that come swiftly rolling in, till, striking against a coral reef, they toss their white spray high up into the air. These reefs, or sunken ledges of coral, are composed of the skeletons of thousands of little animals called coral polyps. The coral polyps live only under the water, and die when they come to the surface. The reefs they build up are often several miles broad and sometimes extend for hundreds of miles along the coast. The water between the reef and the shore is called a lagoon, and here, even in storms, it is safe to row and swim. Outside the reef the sea swarms with sharks, big savage fish, which, whenever they can catch them, eat the swimmers who venture out beyond the reef. This does not happen very often, as the Hawaiians are the most wonderful swimmers in the world, and are not much afraid of the sharks, which they attack with great courage. * * * *

"They now drove thro' a grove of algaroba trees, quite close to the foot of Diamond Head, the tall cliff rising above Waikiki. Alice's father said that the algaroba, like most of the trees they had seen, did not grow upon the Islands when white men first came there to live, but had been brought from other countries by French missionaries. The fine, feathery leaves make a thick shade, the wood is used for fuel, and the long seed pods make good fodder for the cattle. * * *

"The Hawaiian Islands are all very much alike. Across each there exends a high ridge, upon one side of which the islands is bare and rocky, and on the other clothed with forests and rich valleys, through which countless brooks flow to the sea. The northeast trade winds blowing across the ocean bring mosture to the land in clouds. * * * The barren tracts in the Hawaiian Islands are not sandy, but are covered with lava. * * * * There is now very little barren land on the Island of Oahu, where Honoluiu is located. But long ago, there were few plants or trees, except the cocoanut near the sea, and the caudle nut, the koa, and the ko, which grew on the high lands. Nearly all the useful plants, except the sugar cane, were brought to the Islands by white men. There are people still living who can remember a time when the beautiful parks and gardens around Honolulu were but dry, dusty plains. Oahu has more fertile land than the other Islands, because there is an opening in the mountain ridge through which the moisture from the sea may spread over the whole island. This cleft is called the Pali, a Hawaiian word which means a 'rocky precipice." The Pali is, in realty, a 'pass' or opening, in the mountain, thro' which a road has been made, leading down to the valley on the other side. * * * The road to the Pali is one of the most beautiful in the world. No one who visits Honolulu ought to go away without being taken for a drive to the top of the precipice. The road starts from Nuuanu avenue, a broad, smooth street, with tropical trees, shady gardens and fine residences on either side. It is always kept very clean and in good repair, and is never strewn with straw and bits of paper. * * * Beyond the valley, the roofs and spires of the city could be seen above the tops of the mango and breadfruit trees, with the tall, slender palms, like plumes, waving high above them all. Beyond this was the bay, with all the ships lying along the dock, or at anchor farther out —the big white warships and the sailing vessels, some of which had just finished their long voyage, while others were getting ready to sail with their cargo of sugar, cocoanuts and pineapples.

"The lagoon was very still and blue, and along the hidden reef, which did not show above the water, a curving edge of foam shone white as snow. The ocean, still farther off, lay broad and blue, and seemed to melt into the sky. The gray, jagged mountain peaks rose above them, the clouds moving across them very slowly. * * *

In the morning Alice and her mother sat on the veranda of the hotel overlooking the crater. They could see the lava boiling over the rim of the lake where they had stood the day before. Alice was looking thoughtfully at a piece of Pele's hair which she held in her hand, and that reminded her to ask her mother to tell her the story of Pele and Kapiolani. * * *

"Kapiolani, a Hawaiian chief, was a noble-hearted woman. Before the missionaries came from our country and from England to teach the people of Hawaii, the chiefs were often ignorant and cruel. They could put to death anyone they chose, and they used their power most unmercifully until the missionaries, for whom they had the greatest respect, taught them how wicked it was to treat their subjects with such cruelty.

"Many of the Hawaiians had lost faith in their idols and their gods, the spirits supposed to live in the sea and earth and air, and, for a while, they had no religion. It was for this reason easy to persuade them to become Christians. But there were others who still feared the old gods, and were afraid of angering them. The gods they feared most were the shark god and Pele, who, they thought, lived in the crater.

"It was hard to convince them that there was no such spirit as Pele, for they thought that if anyone disobeyed her, she would strike him dead. The missionaries had tried in vain to show the Hawaiians that this idea was false, but the people were still in deadly fear of this spirit.

At last the chief, Kapiolani, who had become a Christian, said that she would go to Kilauea and prove that the story was false. She lived a long distance from the volcano, but she got everything ready, bade her friends good bye, and set forth on the journey. The road was then but a narrow track through the tangled woods, over the rough lava.

"It was a journey of more than one hundred and fifty miles, and Kapiolani and the people who accompanied her walked nearly all the way. * * * Kapiolani's companions were very sad. They knew that they could not persuade her to give up the visit to the crater, and they feared that they would never return to their homes. But Kapiolani herself was not in the least anxious. She laughed away the fears of her companions, and cheered them as they approached the volcano.

"The common people did not often go very close to Kilauea, but the priests and priestesses had their huts at the top of the cliff. They pretended to talk to Pele, and would tell the people what she said to them. In this way they made the foolish Hawaiians obey them and bring them presents of food and clothing.

"One of these priests was a tall, fierce man, who was much feared, and his sister, who lived with them at the volcano was powerful and cruel. But they became Christians and then departed from Kilauea, to live peacefully among the missionaries.

The sun had gone down when Kapiolani reached the volcano, and she could see the red glow of the fire in the sky. A priestess came to meet her and told her to go back, but she would not listen. The priestess then told her that she and all the people with her would perish if she came any nearer. But even this did not frighten Kapiolani, and as she was a great chief the priests could not forbid her to do as she pleased.

She gathered some of the ohelo berries from the ground, but, instead of following the custom of throwing a few into the crater and crying, 'Pele, here are your ohelos, I offer you some; some I also eat,' Kapiolani ate her berries at once, while the people watched her with awe and trembling. To their astonishment nothing happened; Kapiolani neither vanished from their sight nor was she stricken to the ground by the angry spirit, as they fully expected. There she stood smiling, safe and sound. Then, with eighty of her companions, she walked down the steep path into the crater. When she reached the edge of the fiery lake she cried out in a loud voice: 'The God who has made Kilauea is my God, and He alone has kindled the fires of the volcano. I do not fear Pele. If I perish thro' her anger, then continue to stand in awe of her; but if I come away unharmed, I hope you will believe in the true God.' They waited, hardly daring to breathe, but still nothing happened. The fires burned just as they had burned before. The smoke rose to the sky, and blew away. There was no sound save that of Kapiolani's voice, and of the waves of fire rising and falling. When they saw that they were quite safe, they sang a hymn, and they went out of the crater. It must have been a solemn sight to see the people waiting by the lake of fire to learn the lesson Kapiolani wished to teach, that their thoughts about Pele were but illusions. Thenceforth the priests received no more presents, and no more offerings were made to the spirit, and today nobody is afraid of Pele."—From Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands, by Mary H. Krout.

A SLY PUNSTER.

"Admiral Schley improved in punctuation later on."

"How was that?"

"If he didn't wipe out the Colon when he should have done so, he put a full stop to it shortly afterwards."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Wife (after examining the implements of the inquisition)—"Thank goodness, men are not tortured nowadays."

Husband (after a quick side glance at his better half)—"No-o-o, that is to say, not by machinery."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

RED-HEADED.

Binks—When you get angry do you always stop to count 100?

Winks—Lord, no! I should be counting half the time.—Somerville Journal.

PYTHIAN LEADER'S VIEWS

(Continued from page 1.)

of Blackmore's Lorna Doone, and during a visit to England went over all the ground spoken of in the book. His admiration went so far as to prompt him to secure the water color entitled "Near Ilfracombe," a scene near the town of that name, at the northern entrance to the Lorna Doone country in Devonshire. Ilfracombe is a watering place to which the English resort. The water color is the production of James R. Mole, president of the British Water Color Association, one of the best exponents of the English technical school in water coloring.

THE INEVITABLE.

Wife—I had to spend $50 of that $500 for some necessary things.

Husband—Well, what are you going to do with the $450?

Wife—Oh, that goes for luxuries.—Judge.

WISE WILLIE.

Caller—Your sister expects me to stay to supper, doesn't she, Willie?

Willie—Sure; and she said if you stayed as long as you did last night she thought she would ask you to stay to breakfast.